12/07/88

And when will I ever see him again. This man that I Love so.

12/07/88

Somewhere, in a place I know all to well, in time, in my lifes history, in space, is where I am ~~B~~ now. Somewhere between ~~B~~ the lines of Sweet Romatasism and harsh realism. But "its" O.K. now? And ~~I think~~ I mean it when I say it. Correction I know I mean it when I say it. Oh Yes, I do realize I still care for him and the memories ~~[illegible]~~ run ever so deep, and this river of emotion splashes upon the banks of my heart. And still he's gone. Crossed over, out of the grasp of what is real for me now. My concerns are of selfish intent, but for good reason. The pain and emotional anguish I experienced over the breakup of what I wanted to be a perfect relationship has begun to subside and I'm dealing with it much better. To all who know me - be aware - To all who dont - ~~get~~ out my way.

12/08/88 ~~First~~

It seems so sad to me, that what I feel must, cannot be. But life goes on, and it has a funny way of showing us ~~that there are~~ always 2 sides to any coin.

Passion has taken over me. Passion has consumed me.

December 9, 1988, Well, I guess I might as well start by saying "What do the Lonely do @ Christmas time". Seems to just about sum up the things that are going on inside my head. This is a special time of year, a time for togetherness and sincerity. For caring and sharing. I was really looking forward to being in my own place with my Lover, or shall we say in apartment with Kenny the two of us Lovers. Well, it didn't work out that way. As painful as it seems to be, I know that if it was meant to be then somehow, someway we will be together again. I've dreamt of him often enough this week to feel that he's thinking of me as I am him. Yet I still have not become accustomed to seeing him and being without him. It's only been 4 months since he walked out on me and it may as well have been yesterday. But get over him I shall.

Frustration seems to be something I'm all to familiar with these days. It seems to be a regular accompaniment; in everything from work to lack of sex.

There is something going ~~on~~ inside my head that is quite confusing to me. It seems that I'm having the hardest time telling if I really have friends or not. This isn't something that just occurred. I've felt this way for quite some time. I think that I do have good friends, but I abuse them so that when they retaliate I can't take it. I'm blinded by the things ~~that~~ they do and the way in which I force them to ~~treat~~ me. In other words I can dish it out, but I can't take it. Some place and some time alone would greatly alleviate some of the pain I feel.

[signature]

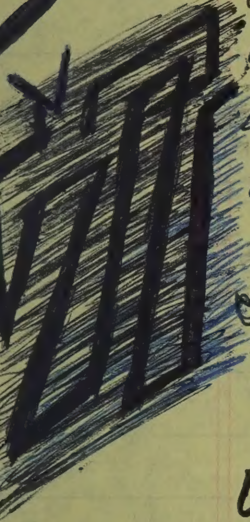
Nov 21, 1988

If, @ any point in your life, things seem as though they couldn't get any worse they will. That's when you know that you're really in it. Life that is, you're really living it. You're in up to your ass in debt, you go to work to pay someone else - the white folks, it's a never ending cycle. It's a bitch.

The events that have occurred this weekend have left me with a feeling that I'm not exactly sure about. There's so much going inside my head. I've not been able to think clearly or decisively for over 3 weeks. It's as if mentally, I'm having a a breakdown. And my way of dealing with this has been to "stay busy". But it hasn't been constructive busy. I've been going out every night drinking my problems away. Knowing that is not going to make them go away, sometimes it makes them worse.

Depression is one of those things most people get used to, but I'm not one of those people. It's my nature to be cheerful, and it really takes a lot to depress me and even then it usually doesn't last for very long. This is something that I have to think long and hard on, and get ready to deal with the decision I make to solve

ANTHONY CARL DANIELS



this problem.

The problem begin in my heart and its wrapped around my first Love— Kenny Hammond. It seems as though my Love has escalated into something that's destroying me emotionally. It's like an obsession. I can't bare it when he doesn't call me (we vowed to stay friends), and when I do see him he makes me unhappy. He never gives me the answers I want to hear—or try and explain to me his feelings for and the reasons he put me through so much hell. And what's even worse—why in the hell do I still Love him? Why do I still care about who he's sleeping with, or where he is?

X Carl

And where is it now
Where has it gone
Left me without warning, without cause
or reason?
Was I just too blind to see
Over this will I ever be, do I want to be
Come back to me, things would be no different
Devastated, almost destroyed no longer
a walflower just a withered facsimile
of what once was

Nov 29, 1988

Where is he now? Is he doing O.K.? Is he thinking of me the way I'm thinking of him.

This holiday was one of true bittersweetness. So much joy and good times, mixed with broken dreams and shattered emotions. And the whole relationship from start to finish has been more painful to me than anything I've ever experienced. Yet I endured, because my body could not do without the total satisfaction. That I soon got over - then I fell in Love. So much so I neglected the things I needed emotionally so I could give to him the Love I thought he needed, to ensure our relationship would soar.

All I can see now in my minds eye is Kenny saying "I hate that we Love each other so much and can't be together". Those were the words he spoke to me the last time I saw him. Early Sunday morning last. And as I sit here writing, thinking of him and remembering what I said last to him. "Even if you don't call me tomorrow or the next day", "I'll Always Love You", I will always feel the same way I do now". And my memories of him still cause me much pain and joy.

Nov ~~23~~ 22, 1988

I had sunk into such a low depression @ one point tonight that I didn't think ~~I'd~~ be able to pull myself out of it. But as usual I did. Jenny and I spent the morning in a hotel together Sunday morning. We talked a lot and had sex. The magic in bed was gone but the Caring and the Loving were all in tact. He called later that night — we weren't able to talk long and he promised to call back later. He didn't, but did ~~[illegible]~~ Monday @ work. Apologizing for not calling back and saying that he would call or come by Mon night - one way or another he was going to see or talk to me. It never happened. This type of thing is so typical of him. It hurt me all over again - ~~[illegible]~~ The tears came all over again. It seems as though the only real thing to do is to wash this man right out of my system. This kinda treatment isn't fit for dogs. And yes, I have said it before - but never have I felt the way I did tonight. It was if I really had lost my mind - the thoughts - the things that crossed my mind weren't

that far fetched - they were terrifying. I saw us, alone, having a serious conversation. Then there I was in tears telling him & realizing that he really didn't care about me the way I did him and that I just couldn't live anymore knowing ~~that~~ he didn't. I threw fits of rage and struck out @ him and ran away with him pursuing.

And all the memories, the really good times when we reached out for each other seem so worthless ~~yet~~ they aren't. Having him just walk away from ~~them~~ and me. ~~to~~ What hurts so damn bad.

One day I'll have what I want out of this life. One day he'll come along, the man I Love. And I'll Love him with all of me and he'll Love me the way I Love him.

[signature]

6/20/88

Today, we have cause to rejoice for in all the time we've known each other, last night was like a point & place in time to Stop!

A time to stand still and look round. Realize what we mean to each other, what we can become together.

It was a time for reaching out and understanding - or for just listening to one another. Seeing the changes we've brought about in each other. Some good others not.

But we talked, we let it all out on the spur of the moment. And it was good, it was so damn good - it took further than anything - even the joint.

May 14, 1988

I was in Church all week. It was our annual youth week and it was just great. I went to the Lord in prayer more than I ever have. Yet my heart still griefs for the man I Love and for myself. I said the prayer "Lord, I leave him in your hands", but I still feel the need to talk to him. I hadn't seen him since Monday, then last night I drove by the fish place - (Rock House) and there he was. I was relieved to know where he is and that he's O.K. (living), but I was sad and hurt that he went back there. No matter what I do, nor how I try and rationalize it, he will always be my first Love. Well it's over now for various reasons that are out of my hands, and I feel so helpless because I have no other choice but to end this so called relationship. And the funny thing about it is I always told myself this is where the pain would start - after the Loving ends - and it's true - but I never dreamed it would be this painful.

Funny how seperation makes the heart grow fonder.

There I was - in the midst of a totaly hot club, with a mixture of very interesting people having a nice time. High, slightly drunk and all I could think of was you. Your presence is strongest with me when we are apart. I feel the touch of your long nimble fingers all over my body, as they slow flow across the length of my entire being. I hear the wraspyness of your breath in my ears. I taste your tongue as it thrust deep into my throat. I thrust my head back in anticipation. Shit - your here with me. So I began to unwind even more. I conversate with a few people. There are intriged until you enter the conversation and my eyes begin to sparkle the more my thoughts and words are of you. Then, as if scared away they move, because they know that I am yours.

Carl
May 30, 1988

July 14th/88

Today brings a more cheerful me into being than in the past 2 weeks. Thank you father for seeing me through.

I finally got approved the for the loan we so desperately needed. American finance gave me the approval today. James co-signed for me, and it was approved. Were due to go sign the papers at 2:00pm this afternoon. So the bills are out of the way for the minute.

Kenny came over last night rather surprisingly, but not. I knew he would come soon - and if he hadn't I was going to call him and ask what the hell was wrong with him. I got the message to him last night that I was hurt (deeper than he'll ever know) and I didn't, if once more, wouldn't be going through the same old shit again. So now is the time for him to shape up or ship out of my life for good. He said that he loves me so much and that he's so sorry for hurting me. That he needs me and I'm the best thing that ever happened to him yet. I want to believe, well I do believe

that he loves me and I know I'm the best thing that will ever happen to him, but I've been hurt a lot in the 3 yrs I've known him and its starting to be more and more difficult to believe in him and anyone else. But I do know the way I feel & And I'm afraid of being hurt again, and I'm afraid of the loneliness that will come after Kenny. There's no one else I can think of that I'd rather be with. There's no way I could have given up so easily.

Today I saw a young man in the store that I wanted. I mean he really turned me on. I wanted to say something to him, but I couldn't. The attraction was mutal I sensed that when our eyes met. I could just see us in bed together. Him nice and thick and black locked in sexual combat with me. He was as black as coal and handsome - whew. But nothing and no one can take the place of Kenny in my heart or bed -

KARL

April 21, 1988

Kenny pissed me off so bad last night. And what's even worst than that - I pissed me off ~~...~~ more than he did. I was a little paranoid and worried about something? And I kept shifting pressure as if though something were wrong with him (there was something on his mind). The problem was when we went to bed - he was so anxious to top the fucking I put on him Tuesday night, that he forgot that ~~...~~ I was human. The feeling of want and need and desire weren't in it. He was tring to fuck a hole in my backside - a ~~...~~ bigger one. I felt so ashamed at the way he was using me and the way I was letting myself be used. I made him stop. I sniffeled a little dropped a few tears - not many - I was so hurt I didn't say much - but I shoned his touch all night and this morning.

Dear Father,

6/20/88

At this point things are happening so fast for me and those around me its almost alarming. I am, as are most people, constant changing and re-defing life and its meaning as it applies to me. It seems that once I get to a point where I'm satisfied things start to slap me in the face and I want more. More from myself, more from Jenny, more from my job, more, more, more. But the way I look at it is the minute you become satisfied you begin to stagnate. So as long as things are as they are it will keep me striving for more. And as long as that is happening; in the years to come I will have something.

7/11/88

Dear Father,

It's been over a wk. not since Kenny took my heart + money and put it into the incinerator. Miki + I are in debt up to our ass. And all I can think about is Kenny. What will become of us, of him especially. Will he be able to kick this drug himself, and if so, will we pick up where we left off..? Or will we both have spent enough time apart for the feelings to have passed that existed between us? All these things in time will be answered.

It's funny how when I'm around him, I choose the things I say and the way I say them so carefully. Remembering to be honest without being cruel. Trying so hard to let him know the sincerity of my feelings.

Emotions and feelings have always greatly influenced my actions. Moreso than the voice of reason. That is why its so hard for me to just walk away from this relationship. I'm worn down and weak from battle, but my feelings for Kenny are the same. I don't feel like its over. So I must press on.

July 13

And as I lie here in pain - I'm thinking
to myself - Are you still ready to
Go through with this relationship? Next
time the pain will only be more severe.
You may not even part as friends.
I keep crying to release all the feelings of
hurt & betrayal - it's killing me, will
it never end? Am I holding on to a Love
that has nothing else to build on? So many
questions I fear my heart already has the
answers too.

Dear Kenny, If it were @ all possible, I'd spend every waking minute of every day with you. Having long conversations, taking short walks, and oh! Loving each other. All those things, as small as they are, just seem to bring us so much closer. When were apart my thoughts are almost constantly of you. "Distance makes the heart grow fonder" is the old clishe.

APA PsycNET®

1991

2 March 9 - VIRGINIA BROWN'S BDAY

March 11, SUN/NIGHT MON/MORN

This weekend was a breakthrough for me. I think I have finally have come to a point of crossover and move ahead.

@ home this weekend we were all together, the family was complete except for Bradford. Who phone from Sandi to say hello I'm homesick. It was really lovely. Then I got ~~together~~ with my old running buddies only to discover that they are also taking care of each other.

Then it happened - I finally got a chance to see Kenny face to face.

3/11/91

{Every man must beat his own drum
{ Dance to his own rhythm sing his own song}

3/14/91 1

Okay @ this point, it's like where do I start. Better yet how do I start without pounding so much like points and places in this life that are already gone.

It's not like I don't know the situation. It's more like I'm so tired of hearing it in my mind and repeating it for others. I'm out of a job, again. At 26 yrs of age I'm beginning to wonder will I ever fit in with the mainstream of society or what? Well why I've got this time on my hands I do intend to take some time and do some self examination and see exactly what avenues I have open to explore. A Black Gay male with a high school diploma and a vocational Ed. Certificate of achievement.

The only thing that could come out of such an examination has to be good. I definitely stand nothing to loose. I've come to so many points in my life and decided, O.K. This is it. Get your shit together or parish with the rest of lower class America. Lower educated, underpaid, underprivileged, and ultimately unacknowledged.

3/14/91

Here, and now must be the last stand. In order to bring something positive out of all of this energy I have somewhere. I feel it pulsing through my veins but for some reason it will not come out physically. If the energy no longer works for me then I'll try another avenue. Like maybe I'll draw upon the anger. That seems to work best for the black man. No matter what the avenue I must do something to save myself so that in turn I might save others.

This is a wonderous thing called life. It's the living that's hell.

3/14/91

At first I wrote because I felt I was alone and forsaken. Then I wrote because I wanted to remember. And as I grew older and found out more about life, I wrote because I was inquisitive about life and all its quirks. Love all of a sudden became a part of me and it was my motivating force. Then it brought all communication to and end with myself, except what I could contain in my head. Now it brings me right back to what keeps sane. So does the melodrama continue. I have you back and leave me again, you shall never.

3/26/91

It's been a long time since I had a night like tonight. I'm very restless, and @ one point I was on the verge of tears.

A feeling of deep sorrow, severe unhappiness crept over me like maggots devouring rotting flesh. Hating to admit I knew you would be the only cure. I think it's a combination of self-pity and the contrast of old fashioned boy / radical-nonconformist that I am, that has brought this on.

I'm trying very hard as I approach 30 to get my life in order. What exactly is order? The answer to this question I just do not have. It seems as though any road I go down I always hit a wall. The wall is definitely a mental thing. The wall is in my mind and it is composed of nothing but pure fear.

Excuses are my defense tools. I always tell myself that I could work partime and go back to school, but I would need someone in my corner (a lover, companion, etc.) to help my build my confidence. Someone to keep me motivated and on track. If I don't want to do that for myself, Why in the hell would someone else?

Even if there were someone, I'm not so sure I wouldn't find something wrong with him, or someway to drive him away. Comitment scares me shitless. I don't trust anymore.

I really want that someone to be Jesus. Yet I keep him @ a distance as well. Afraid of what sharing him with others does to me. In a church I hold myself as tightly as possible. In fear of others seeing my grief and pain and joy in he uses me. Pride or some stupid shit stands in my way.

These shackles that bind me, I will break free. It is but a matter of time. It's about prayer and centering onself to gain control over ones most precious possession; my mind.

3/20/91

Just by chance, I read over some ~~things~~ from 89/90. Things that were written when I first arrived here (for the 2nd time).

It's amazing to me how constant yet still change is. Let me see if I can clear that up. During the period of Nov. 89 - March 91, the change has been constant, my state of mind shifted from one day to the next. My emotions were always there, but rarely shown. Yet while Carl was dying and Tony was being born I managed to hold on ~~to~~ a large part of me. My optimism, my pride, my love of livings, my creativity and my sense or shall we ~~shall~~ say desire to achieve great things.

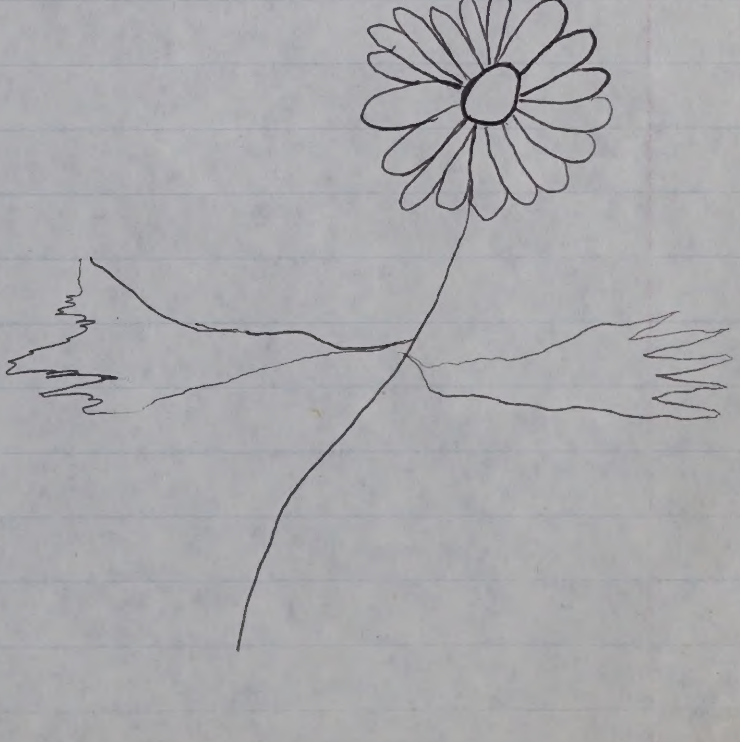
Tony, it's a war weary child and is gearing up for a spirtual awakening. It's just a matter of time before he comes to something comfortables. Something that will accomadate one such as he. Which is probably a lot easier than he makes it. Time is the only way to see what happens, patience is something Tony does not have.

I've decided to go back to things that truly make me happy. The only time I seem to be able to get things done is when I'm involved in things that many happy.

My love for Clothes and accessories. My need to express myself through art. Listening to reggae and smoking ganga. Living and letting live. Stress is something I must minimalize in my life. Get on with the business @ hand. The only thing in my way is me.

It's a beautiful day outside I think I'll go enjoy the rest of it in the sun.

TT7N



April 24, 91

It seems as though life has grabbed me by the seat of my pants again. I've been out of work since the first wk in February. I've been enjoying the time off and I really haven't been looking for a job. I have filled out a couple of applications when I thought I would get the job after seeing "Macys" on my application. Ha-Ha! Hello... @ any rate I have until May 17 to become employed. I really don't want to be in the work force but reality says I must. If there were a way I could work the system until I start school in the fall I would. That however hardly seems likely. But I must commend myself, and thank God, that I have been as responsible as I have thus far.

I'm really excited about going back to school. College has always been an experience I've wanted. But the experience is not so much what I'm after - the learning is ~~the~~ thing

that intrigues me now. I've been talking with a lot of people who know me very well to get an idea about the field that I want to go into. My next step is to talk to [illegible] that don't know me about attending their institutions. By the fall of the year I'll be in school. I have decided that I want to be in a field where I'm affecting people's life. Public service, or even mental health.

The events that have taken place in my life in the last 2 years have been phenomenal. It started with moving back to Atlanta, well it actually started with falling in Love. That opened up so much of my spirit. Giving in to that emotion was like a doorway to all other things. I had stiffled so much of my creative spirit to fit into Albany, but Love awaked it all again. Then I moved back to Atlanta and found friends that will be my friends from now on. Ourownal, Mark Anderson, Robert Stephens, Bryan Riggins and a few more people have all become so special to me.

Then there have been special events and places that brought into my life special people. At the National Black Gay and Lesbian Conference I met E. Lloyd Napier. A Jamaican from L.A. Who cared for me with the greatest of ease. I was just amazed @ the way it was so easy for him to give to me a total stranger. Then @ Macy's I met Terence Mason-Cinque. A young man from "Cordele, Ga" We have been slowly developing something that could go places. ~~I know that I could turn to~~ We have been conversating for almost a year now and it's very special. He's very intelligent and doesn't let me get away with much. I let him have it a lot of the time. ~~Mainly~~ Mainly because he needs it. We are a lot alike Cinque and I. We both from small towns in South Georgia, we both are intelligent black men, and we've both been through that madness called Love. He is still suffering much more than I. And although I have placed in my head that I want him as a Lover, I still must be patient. I know better than, or shall we say as well as anybody it takes

time and determination to get over things of this nature. Matters of the heart and mind are nothing to be toyed with. This is one matter that I will be monitoring myself on. I do not want to move things to fast or let them stagnate either. This young man is something special. Not to mention he's fine as hell and black as berries.

Tony

May 21, 1991

As the day seem to aimlessly go by, I grow more and more dissatisfied with my life as it is. The things that I feel like I need to do to turn me and my life around are going to take time and money as well as a whole lot of determination. Things just always seem so bleak to me. These days all I seem to want to do is eat and sleep. I have no get up and go what-so-ever. I'm trying desperately to keep things in perspective. I think I'm too preoccupied with finding someone - a lover or intimate friend. Tim throws up in my face my behavior the first year I was back here in Atlanta, Ga. I didn't want a commitment, and I was @ one point dating as much as 3 people @ a time. Recovering from heartbreak is what I attributed that to. Too afraid to Love for fear of being hurt and reacting drastically to that hurt. Had I thought about the events that had taken place, the ~~Calco~~ caotic order of my life I would have

~~Slowed~~ slowed down and took time to recuperate then instead of being fat lonely and depressed now. I would also probably be in California with Mr. E. Lloyd Napier (Jamaican) now. Truly he was the one person that came into my life and stimulated a spur of excitement and intense passion. To a certain degree anyway. I think I could have grown in a relationship with him. That however is the past and sadly must remain so. I write about the events of my life and the different stages and phases I'm in to empower me. To be rid of and learn from. To ensure that somewhere down the line my life will have ~~to~~ some meaning to someone, somewhere. If for nothing else to comfort me ~~on~~ in my dying days as I reflect upon my days on earth. To ease the fear of death, dying, the here after. A means of saying; "I examined all things about me": "I got into cause and effect", "so that I might keep tabs on myself". Just making sure that I was indeed a feeling, loving understanding human being. Not

some lipsing, swishing faggot unable to do so because somebody with identity crisis and a severe case of homo phobia said I was incapable of such.

I keep wondering, maybe even worrying, about the state of the world. With all the things I've been taught about the day of judgement, why isn't the end upon us. Or is it upon us and we can't feel it? Examine all the environmental factors acid rain, global warming, nuclear warheads, the disappering rainforest, etc. Do these things all point to disaster? One never knows. That is why its so important for me to examine the problems that come to me and the way in which I deal with them.

May 29, 1991

Loneliness. I now understand the whole realm of that word. Or shall we say I understand a large part of what it means to be lonely. In spite of the friends I have, dear friends and my family I am still quite lonely but it is not such a sad affair - depending on where you direct that energy. If one directs that loneliness and emptiness into energy that is put out into some tangible work then it is half dead. But if one dwells on ways to combat, then we eventual become more than lonely we become depressed.

Around 12:10 Am this morning I got a call from Jimmy (a young man who has known great tragedy in his lifetime - rejection from family and Lovers, and been homeless). He informed me of some accomplishments he's achieved - all which came about ~~through~~ his job @ ~~[illegible]~~ McDonalds. He was so proud of his accomplishments, and although he tends to ramble on and on about what seems to be

nothing to me, I realize that the things he was saying meant a lot to him. So I listen and gave words of support. He gave me some news that was rather surprising - that he cared for me deeply and was rather hurt when on last we talked that I said that he would not be the type of guy I was looking for to be my Lover. He went on and on and finaly asked if he could come over. I said yes. The rest is water under the bridge. Afterwards - as I came - he cried. I knew then wherein lies the problem.

August 23, 1991

My spirit for recording my thoughts has just about died. Its life I really want to and need to write but Its like Im in a vacuum. And all I want to is sit and observe and examine while I toast my brain with thoughts.

Its Friday night and Im "At Home Alone". There are a million things I would like to go into - the majority of which are ~~trivial~~. So I will not ~~a~~ waste paper on those. Im basically in a rut right now - for which I accept the responsibility for. On that same note I will accept the responsibility of getting my ass out it as well.

My ideals of what a man is have truly been put to the test. I've found myself having to live up ~~to~~ those very standards that I've set. And in time become harder, the more I realize how simple yet rigourous the standards that I have set.

Nonetheless, what can of a "man" would I be if I could not live up to the standards I've set for the "man" or "men" that enter my life.

How many time have I written that I alone am the controller of my own destiny → and not fully realized what the fuck I was saying. Well its all to clear now. If it is to be done its to be done by me - and so it shall be.

I established phone contact with Kenny I guess about a month or so ago - and Sunday past - we confessed ~~our~~ that weare still hanging onto what once was. It always seems to end up that way before we end up re-uniting. He promised to call me on Thursday @ about 12^{00} midnight. He never did which made me mad as hell. I figured after our conversation - he was very apprehensive and frightened about seeing me on Labor Day and any day. Hes afraid of what will happen when were together.

Well enough is enough, and I shall make one last attempt to find out what it is he really wants from this life and from us.

~~Gerald's~~ BDAY is the 23rd of this month

Nov 20, 1991

I dont even know where to begin — one thing is definitely clear to me. There is a sense of urgency about everything with me these days. I've all but ~~stopped~~ recorded things, except intermittenly like now. But if I live another 20, 30, 40, 50 yrs or die within the next 2, 3 or 10. These years will be valuble in terms of friends and encounters. So much about life is real and raw, especially now, in the age of Aids.

I spent the night with a young black gay brother (actually it was the morning) who did not even come close to satisfying me. Tim was sweet — which does not cut it in my book. It wasn't even O.K. — I couldn't sleep in my bed with him. I was ~~repulsed~~ disgusted. I didn't have to ~~go~~ take him to my house, but as we all can do I was thinking with the wrong head. I got to pull things together. That is a definite must. Its hard for me to find the energy needed to do everyday things lately. I wonder a lot of time if I'm going crazy or what. Some how I've got to get to a point within myself where I can find so peace with my Creator.

Like the smooth primal rhythm of reggae that soothe me so, I want some peace. Life is such a fucking struggle.

A peace like the dance - oh how I open up & release all the days tension and distractions. Free my soul flies displaying the colors of my aura.

Searching, I am, for that place that puts you out the way of man. Does such a place exist. Surely with faith and determination all things are possible.

Ok,
I'm there now - right back where I said I would never be again - In Love. And it so fucking obvious. Just this letter proves that. Pain must be what gets me through the night. I'm always asking for more. To sustain me until I lay another head @ my masters feet.

Well this time around proceed with caution, always be honest, don't be afraid to get a little crazy every now and then. Lastly not leaste, watch out for my heart. A wounded heart begets a murderous soul.

Please, Father, let me be able to deal with whatever his visit does to me. I just want to be able to slip ~~into~~ a comfortable spot between the two of us and enjoy the time - however much it is - we spend together. Having no expectations.

March 16, 1993

Tuesday mom
407 am

Here I am faced with the age old dilema yet again. Facing this man, with whom I am not sensible because of this emotion called "Love". Is that really what it is? Or has the emotion evolved, or mutated, for lack of better words. At any Rate, I'm sitting on pens and neddles anticipating the day he walks through my front door in into my arms. What is it I expect from him. Will he bring back so many of the emotions I have stored of the past? Perhaps a feeling a new will rush me, starting yet another new stage in life for me. Perhaps he and I will both find that we are no longer to each other what we used to be. The possibilities are neverending. My heart tells me I must see him, but if I dont will my world continue to deteriote while I watch and analyze the total destruction of self. Can self withstand that kind of pressure.

After examining the situation I feel that this visit is more of a necessity than a disire. I have to see this man because - - - -

I'm trying very hard @ this point to pull things together and keep the tie that binds tight. That is between Denny and myself. It seems that so much of my energy is directed towards his feelings and our relationship.

7/02/93 FRIDAY MORNING

Time has yet again brought me to a place where I must confront me head on. The only thing I really need right now is for the emotions to spread over paper. Cover page after page like night covers the earth.
I have no idea where to begin, with all that has taken place in such a short period of time. I'm alive!, and that to me is enough to rejoice about. There are a million little microscopic little germs attacking my internal organs. I keep them @ bay by outthinking them. If I give in to them then surely death would be inevitable.

Life has always proved to be a true test for me and now is no different from yesterday. Love is the drug that I'm hooked on. This time is much different than before. The scars I have from previous battles are pulling me through this madness.

8/04/93

I'm having just a little bit of trouble facing reality.

Handling the past and dealing with the future are also causing me problems.

The only way to deal with all this uncertainty, confusion and deep rooted pain is to address it now, in hopes that I can walk away and leave it here in this place and time.

During those years when I was still quite naive. I meet a young man who would alter the state of my life forever. So much went on during the years in that dreaded town (Albany). I guess I've never really stopped ~~to~~ examine the extent of the damage of my own stupidity and its use as a tool to manipulate me. Those feelings of betrayal, hurt, were so intense I'm surprised that I'm OK at all.

Enough to even realize why I'm going through these changes. If I could physically touch the pain in me. ~~I~~ It would be large round putrid mass of maligant flesh.

With a ~~[illegible]~~ internal system all its own. Mutated heart, lungs, kindneys, digestive system, nervous system → life supporting. To rid myself of this is a task in itself.

What the fuck am I supposed to do. I never thought I'd be this ~~in decision~~ indecisive.

Monday
8/23/93

The key elements in maintaining a relationship are not in tact. I don't trust him, and the more and more I push him ~~to~~ do things he should have taken the intiative to do on his own I loose respect for him. There is no denying that I have a problem. It's very complex.

I seem ~~to~~ loose my identity whenever I'm with Kenny. It's as if though my happiness depends on making him happy. I forget all about other things and people ~~that~~ should be more important or as important ~~to~~ me as this relationship.

~~I~~ am jealous, extremely possessive, demanding of space and time, but not @ all crazy.

He knows ~~these things~~ and tries to make it seem as ~~though~~ I'm always to blame when I'm upset. For misunderstanding **his actions**. ~~My~~ My assessment of this situation is or has to do Macho ego bullshit.

Lately I've found myself showing signs of total dependency. Much like the pain I experienced our first turbulent 4yrs. together. That in essence terrifies me. That pain, @ times, was so intense, my own death was often times what I thought would be my only escape. Well, I made it through ~~that~~ and I here now facing what seems to be a similiar seticuation. That is something I feel ~~will~~ I will never let happen no matter what the cost. And this time my death wont be the one I'm

contemplating to end the pain. The scource now seems a more logical choice.

It scares me to even think along these lines, but that is where I am today.

So now I give myself 2 wks from today to get myself together to clear my head and start over. To search deep within my being to catch hold to the fiber that holds me togther.

Oct. 12, 93

Somewhere, not out there, but in here, within me, there ~~are~~ vast possibilities for comprehension, understanding, caring, loving, sharing, and overall development. Yet it seems to be so difficult to tap back into those reservoirs. My life seems to be meandering along, almost like before Kenny arrived ~~to~~ here. There's just one difference, I'm not alone, for not only ~~[illegible]~~ is he with me, he's within me. As I open my mind and heart to a better understanding of God and me, I see things in a different light. My Spirtual self is ~~[illegible]~~ working hard on closing gaps between body and mind.

~~Nov~~ 13, 1993

My, oh my, what anger what frustration, what loathing. And I remember when it used to be me. I guess it took looking into the face of a past life to realize the stupidity of that past. Rick, came to my home with the weight of all of these things on his shoulders, and vented all his frustrations towards me. This is a situation that I'm all too familiar with. Maybe not in exactly the same way, but definitely in the same manner.

~~Nov 16, 1993~~

November 19, 1993

~~When this~~ that I have allowed to affect me, has moved → And it shall move, then the road to higher spiritual awareness shall be mine to explore.

↓ ↓ ↓ ↓

And if he were here ~~now~~, what would I do? I may not have the answer to that, but I'm thankful that he evidently cares for me enough to leave me the fuck alone. The toll that I allowed this relationship to take on my energy level is ridiculous. We have, like so many others, gone much further out in a vast mutated grey area of Love, and gotten burned.

November 20, 1993

Lately it seems I've not been reaching the standards I set for myself. I try to write and my feelings do not come out as I feel they should. What is correct for one working through emotional let down. There is no correct manner. Since honesty is one of those things I'm always harping on, that's exactly the way I'll approach this process of getting through this particular dilema. Addiction is a very deep experience → and can happen with the most mundane of experiences. Take for instance this particular situation @

hand. I can, excuse me, I will describe 2 situations involving myself which I think show signs of addiction. Firstly is my reluctance to live without Kenny in my life. For some strange reason I found myself addicted to his presence, unable to function properly without it; his presence. Couldn't eat, sleep or think about anything clearly when he was ~~absent~~ away from me when he should've been. Addicted, obsessed and crazed. Secondly and more believable as an example of an addiction. One of the constants in the relationship was the sex. It was consistenly frequent and intense. My body became accoustomed to it and I enjoyed the sex. It was a means of expression of love, desire, concern, lust, and a passion to be understood. Since I've found myself without, things have become rather bizzare. While I realized that it had come to an end my body rejected the whole idea. So much so that my physical body began to change. Those orifice and organs that were so used to be kept on the fringe of excitement and orgasmic release were denied release, they responded. Overall, my body is behaving like what I imagine a drug addicts does when denied drugs. There's really no better way to describe the changes my body is going through.

December 14, 93

The last couple of days have found me very close to the surface of my humaness. Sitting, remembering, reminising about my life before Oct 1st. That is before Kenny walked out on me (Thank You!). I've really begun to feel lonely, with the realization that I'm never alone.

The loneliness this time has been the sweetest sorrow. And as I work through the pain and not turn and run from it, it begins to transform into comprehension of the totality of the situation. The depth of the acts that occured in the

12/15/93 6 months we shared this yr. The struggle for the truth to surface was intense.

Oct 28, 1993

I could have saved myself so much pain had I just taken a minute or two to examine things.

As I read the pages of my journal aloud to Keith, my face was truly wrecked. If I had done that 6 months ago, none of this would ever happend. At least I would like to think it wouldn't have happened. Well I'm here now and starting to really heal for the first time in a while. The lessons learn here will follow me for a while. This period of time that I'm going to take to recuperate is going to be most interesting. What new challenges await me out there.

I'm as ready as I ever will be for change. My life has basically stood still for 6 months. Then out of nowhere I just gave up and lost for a while. Those things are all about to be rectifeid. Ahead is where I'm going. Into the future with no regrets. Facing all obstacles head on when necessary.

Oct 12, 1993

11 James
Brian
634-5191
Carlos
HANGUP
DON BLISS

He called on Sat. afternoon, asking for his things as if though I was holding them hostage. It is not like I could take his possessions and pawn or sale them for the money he used to feed his fendin desires. "Can I come get clothes", he asked, devoid of any real heartfelt emotions, yet riddled with guilt. "Sure you can", I replied, tring as hard as I could to show no emotions myself. Of course it didn't work a huge lump formed in my throat as the words pushed out of my body. He promised to be there within the hour, which turned out to be almost 2½ hours. Time is only a friend when one makes it so. When finally he did arrive, he came in and took a place in the room facing away from me. It was if he was on trial or facing a court marshall. Conversation was @ best akward and strained.

I remember looking into his face, then his eyes. I don't even know what I saw there besides bewilderment. My feelings were of anger, frustrations, and yes rage. Yet I still held back, I never unleashed on him. Never called him an addict to his face. Everything I said was like one of my predictions, which are usually just me reading the hand writing on the wall. I told he could still have his job if he just called and talked to the guys, I also told him he was headed back to jail. "You've got one foot in already", no job and a habit."

It seems he took what I said to heart. He's not leaving Atlanta, instead he moved in with "Rick" in Stone Mountain. Well, so be it. That is going to make things harder for me, but @ least I'll go ahead and do or die. I'll either emerge myself in me and be a much better person or I'll let this whole ordeal overwhelm me and be a babbling idiot.

As I look back in retrospect, it seems as though I've been so absorbed in this man, and he has been absorbed in smoking crack. So as much as it hurt, and I do dread the changes that I'm going through. I have to push on.

Tony (93)

Oct 10 1993

Something occured to me today that had not up to this point. ~~Today~~ ~~marks~~ Kenny walked out or shall we say away from here. Away from this house, me, and our life together. Along with him he took the rent and bill money for the month. Still my main concern had been for him, his safety, his well being. Well time has brought me here to this place and made me look into the mirror and face the ugly reflection which is me. Dependent on someone who's dependent on a drug (namely crack).

For the most part, this point should have come a long, long time ago. Thank God, I'm here now.

I've given myself so many new beginnings it's been almost routine. There's really no difference in this time and all the other times. The difference is in the attitude that I'm going to take in dealing with putting my life back together.

1:06 am

Oct 9th 1993

Right now, ~~I'm~~ in a spot so tight it suffocating. My thoughts, feelings just dying to get out. Trying to take my time and just get this shit out. I can't even believe I'm @ this point already. I owe that to my frat brothers and close friends. That haven't left me alone since Danny walked away from us Sunday night. Being alone would have been too much for me to handle. Left alone to deal with these emotions, no one to listen to my pain, share in my frustration would have been like suicide.

November 5, 1993

Well, finally I got the chance to say goodbye to Kenny. Ike called last night with the same old lame ass excuse he's become accoustom to using. "Ida, you being OK?" "Well I just callingto say hello, to see how you're doing."

November 10, 1993

~~I have~~ not been feeling my best lately and my health seems to be something I have to monitor regularly. My chest is full of flem, and its not the most comforatable feeling. My sinus are @ war with me, so I'm too stubborn to go to the doctor. Hard headed - and somewhat dreading what they might tell me. Not to mention the time it will take to get through the whole process @ "Grady"!

To digress for just a minute; I said my final goodbyes to Kenny on Thursday of last wk. It was one of the most difficult things for me to do. I was left with no choice, but to ask him not to call me anymore, and if possible I did not want to see him anywhere. Go figure?! My life @ this point needs spiritual development and I working on that @ Hillside International Truth Center. Dr. Barbara King founder/minister

Rev.
COMAL

November 2, 1993

Today is the start of something new, something fresh. This weekend was the first time I've seen or talked to Kenny since I said Goodbye. I put the last of his things into a a box, and wire it shut (due to lack of tape) and sent it to James' house (my cousin).

The contents of the box were magical (to he and I). I wanted all those things that would cause me pain out of this house. The remainder of what belonged to him (clothes, shoes, a book and a tape), things that were mine that looked better on him than me, some sweaters for the cold and some old baseball caps. The next few items are probably what has sent him into a fury → The only picture I had of him, clippings of our hair from old haircuts, and a letter. Not a very long letter, just one explaining that I finally realize that he is no good for me. That's what he's always claimed in times of turmoil. So I'm taking his advice @ last and leaving him alone. I ended the letter by saying "Goodbye".

Evidently, what we say is not all the time what we mean. In Kenny's case, it's evident that's the situation. Now that I'm dishing out the pain - he doesn't like it @ all.

Kenny, 10/19/93

"Our Love is like a child," We must watch over her, nuture her and protect her from harm." I wonder if you even remember the letter I wrote that in.

The events over the last 4 months have put me a state of mind that I'm very uncomfortable with. The pain I've experienced brought on from lying, disappointment, and lack of communication @ times have seemed unbearable. Yet they really don't even begin to scratch the surface of the pain your drug addiction and unwillingness to get help has caused. The hardest thing in life for me has been to watch Nubian Prince surrender to the grasp of one of the white mens evils.

So now I must face fate, and what has become my reality. I will have to live with this knowledge. I let my lover murder "Our Child". I could have avoided such a travesty, but I did not. I let my Love for a man overshadow my attentions to my child. And while my energies were directed on him he took the life out of the best thing we had between us, "Our Child".

I live now knowing that I have had my hand in murder of the worst kind; Of my own flesh.

I have some fond memories of the good times we shared. Not all of our relationship was bad. There is also no doubt in my mind that you care for me a great, hell you may even Love me. However, there comes a point in a relationship where saying "I Love You" is not enough sustenance. The words have to be backed with actions.

Moving on, placing me as first in order of importance, will not be an easy task. As a matter of fact it's more difficult than I remember it being. Like I really have a choice! But from where I stand, that is the way it has to be.

Searching my mind always, trying to pinpoint the enemy. Why, What, Who? I can't actually draw accurate conclusions to any of these questions. There is so little communication on your part, I have to draw my own conclusion.

Mon Oct 25, 1993

All of sudden, (well not actually I've had all day to think). I realize (like so many other days) what a fool for Love I've been. So what makes this day any different from any other day I've had in the last 4 years. Well this time I feel it. It's the truth. [illegible]

My second realization today was on the nature of my feelings of loss. I thought I truly missed Kenny, long for his company → I realize what I miss is his body, his sex. I can't say that I have fond memories of us together, unless we were in bed. The sex was the bond this time.

Oct 22, 1993

I want to pick up the phone and call him, but I can't -) I shouldn't. My existence depends on my ability to leave these emotions, or shall I say store them in a different place.

(Sunday) Oct 24, 1993

Everyday's a ~~new~~ beginning, a fresh start. I know that I can make, and I will alone but not lonely, Remembering that with God, all things are possible. The situation is out of my hands and I place in my Creator.

(Mon) Oct 25, 1993

It's evident to me now that time, ~~patients~~ patience and perservenace will get me through the ordeal.

It's O.K. to be a fool for Love. Yet no man should have control over another's mind. That is something we should never surrender. The mind is the most precious organ in a man's body. It is that which connects the spirit to the the rest of the body

11:58pm

Oct 14, 1993

The days are beginning to go by faster, they aren't nearly as hard to get through as ~~they~~ have been. My head is starting ~~to~~ to clear, and the pain that was intense is all but gone. I'm further along on my road to living with loosing a Loved one to the grasp of Crack Cocaine.

Nov 29, 1993

Your leaving me started a chain of events in my life. Like dominoes, as burdens were lifted from me, they fell one by one and brought me here ~~to this~~ place. On the first floor of the upper room. In a totally different level of consciousness. Thank you for having enough courage to do what I couldn't not; give up on "us".

~~It seems that~~ while we were apart our lives took two very different paths. I'm sure that those years were intense with emotions and desire for a better understanding of "us". While I grew thick with ~~a thirst~~ for more of me. More of the what and who I am, and the torch I carried for you. You gave strength to your demons, and a host of negative thoughts and ideas.

December 17/92

It's happening all around me, @ a rate that seems to be a little fast for even me. All my life I've always reacted to negative stimuli. Now I'm acting up against it. Meeting homophobia head on with a vigor and fury kindred to that of my ancestors in the 60's. Understanding further my sexuality, and diving into as much of me as I can stand has forced me into the open. Dead center in an abandon old warehouse. I address the things I can no longer evade, dealing with them in spite of the pain they cost me. I want to grow to become stronger more in tune with my thoughts.

March 29, 91

Fond memories of home; going down in South Georgia does that for me. There have been times in my life when I dreaded doing the very same thing. Times have changed and so have I. Times have gotten harder, so have I; and we always remember where we come from - home. The comfort of knowing your neighbor. The familiarness of the land, the confusion of thoughts, and the bonding of the knowing.

As I think about home, I can only ~~think about the~~ help but think of the torrid love affair I had there. And most of all the source of the affair - Kenny Hammond. I don't know exactly what ~~the~~ response to me will be. Sadly I don't know what my response to him will be either. This will be yet another serious determiner in our relationship. Post affair relations.

April 30, 91

I returned here from a wokend in Tallahasee, Fl. I went there to be a means of support for a soror. Chris Jones (from Philly) (a good student @ Temple). The trip was a tiresome one, yet the time spent with my soror was most precious. Chris is one of the sweetest blk men I have ever met, not to mention a true soror in every sense of the world.

Tallahasee is just another small town. Without the presense of FAMU and Fl. St. there, the town would be a dust bowl. The attitude and the social habits of the blk gay subculture is a lot like that of Albany. The only difference is that there is a larger more visible gay community there. The kids there are much more concerned with education than the kids in Albany.

This trip was one of great importance to me, it gave me a opportunity to bond with Chris. It gives us the basis for our future relationships.

May 30, 91

There is something about a beautiful day that makes you forget about a whole ~~lot of things~~. Things that lead to stress. ~~It~~ brings on the more mondane thoughts. You become serene and at peace with yourself.

Sat. morn
11/10/91

I've lapsed into a state of horniness that's almost impossible to describe. I've finally reached a point in life where I feel very attractive and I'm comfortable with the emotions that accompany such thought pattern. Yet I'm tormented by not having someone in my life. My guard is up high yet my passion sometimes overwhelm me. I'm looking @ all types of guys as potential mates. I mean it's getting hard for me to concentrate on anything. It's really frustrating. On top of this I've lost one of my journals with very personal data in it. Precious data. I feel violated that someone is reading the things I write - my inner most thoughts. I'll get over it. There's just so much going on inside me - a total fucking trip I'm on.

April 14, 1991

At the moment my mind is working overtime. My adrenaline is pumping from the events I saw on the screen this afternoon - New Jack City. It was not as powerful a movie as I thought it would be, but it hit home. Especially the young crack addict. He reminded me of people I've seen in my hometown.

On a larger scale the thing that moved me most is the effect that the large scale has on people. That along with with my desire to have some effect on people, and the pain and anger this life has brought me are stifling. Most days I can pretty much pull things together and get on with the business @ hand. Then there are also those days or mostly nights that I feel I just will not make it.

April 20th
1991

Finally I have made a concrete decision. I have chosen to say yes to life and no to existence. No more taking what is given me and making the best of it. I want the best so that I can make it better for all black men and women.

Before the year is out I will be attending someone institution of higher learning. Exactly what I'll be majoring in is a totally different thing. But in school, I will be.

Before my unemployment checks stop comming I will be working somewhere. Even if its nothing but a waiters position @ one of the resturants.

I have things to accomplish in my life, and if I do not get them done its because I will have died trying. I already see that @ present my state of mind is such that it will take me to whatever heights I want. Nothing on earth cannot be accomplished with a positive mind, faith in your creator and prayer.

May 13, 1991

Today was just like so many other days, but unlike so many other days. There was an air of almost complete loneliness that greeted me when I arrived home this evening. I had a rather late dinner with a person (Bobby Solomon) and came home to an empty house. I have so many emotions stirred up and I can't think of one person I can take them to. No one that loves me unconditionally to listen and asure me everything will be O.K. LONELINESS is such a sad affair. I'm having some problems dealing with not having a lover and my friends are no longer filling the void. I'm approaching a state of totaly revolutionary spirit and at the same time I'm being bombarded with such trivial things as finding a job and paying my bills. My energy seems to be directed in the wrong area. I can't even seem to get my writing back on the same track.

for Wednesday ~~Sept 2~~ ~~22nd~~ 1993

Work Shop Essay 9/17/93

Coming together for the first time with no expectations of each other was a different approach for the 3 of us. Lamarcus, Keith and myself. But ~~know~~ I must try and express my feelings on what I expect from this workshop we've formed. So I guess the best thing to do is just to start.

Honestly, what I expect is for each of us is to challenge the others to reach further into our creative selves to tap into hidden reservoirs of talent. To constantly motivate the other to go there, for that extra vowel, consonant, word, sentence or phrase to make our work distinctive and above all true to the creator.

01/06/93

Existing on borrowed time

Sometime giving in totally to pleasure makes you turn around in shame and disgust @ what you've done

It's only a matter of time before we are all ravaged by the deadly virus ~~that~~ makes ~~the~~ things that bring us the most sexual pleasure bring us death as well.

Am I wrong to feel this way, is it unfair to want to publicly annoce that I hold such an opinion ~~Is there~~ really a need to alarm people more than they already are — ..... yes

March 7, 1992

I'm recuperating from my trip to Mardi Gras (New Orleans). My mind is abuzz with clattered thoughts and memories of things past and anew. I'm missing something, or lets just ~~stay~~ say I want something and I just don't know what it is.

The feeling I'm having is something like incompleteness - if there is such a word. Not whole might be a better description. Nevertheless, I want whatever it is in me to be satisfied. Yet I can't even begin to scratch @ the problem, not knowing what it is or where it stems from. My first thought was . . . . .

"Either you want to fuck ~~me~~ or fight I can deal with either" - What about you / Can you?

November 23, 1991

Went on my first date with John Joseph today - Originally went to Mich to cowrite (writing list was

December 4, 1991

It's been almost 2 weeks since I meet John, and suprisingly it's been rather sweet. He's really mature for 23 yrs old. We are basically taking things one day @ a time. As is all we can do. There is a lot about John that I like, a lot about him I don't as well. He's an Aries - first of the Zodiac. Rather set in his ways - but he's sweet. To the taste and touch. I see a lot of potential in us for each other. Only time will tell rather we will endure. I do intend to dive into this relationship and charge ahead, taking charge when necessary and yielding to him when needed. There is no such thing as a perfect mate - when first you meet. Through time you can become very good for each other. I'm Optimistic about the outcome of a possible union between he and I.

~~total~~ disregard for human life
short sightedness
→|

April 12th, 1991

It's a very lazy Friday evening, @ least for me. It rained for the most part of the morning, which made the day dreary. The birds are singing now, how ironic @ 6:41 pm, yet its still dreary.

During the last 2 weeks things have been opening up around me. Occurring @ such an alarming rate, I have had to just stop intermittenly and think hard and long about what I'd been exposed to. At this point I have to thank my Creator for all that has occured. It's events like these that bring out the very best in me.

The Atlanta Chapter (underground) of ΔΣΘ was honored with a visit from ΔΑΩ our frats from Texas. This trip from them and us proved to be quite informative. It was the exchange of ideas the got my adrenalyin going. Community Service and Scholarship are the basis from which DST sprang. They are the basis that will move our Sorority Frat forward.

The Atlanta Chapter was ~~also~~ also given the chance to observe another Chapter and ~~their~~ interaction with each other.

March 29, 91

Thursday afternoon has brought me here to this place. ~~This~~ is day 5 of a trip I've been on. The weather initially brought it on. I did not forsee all the other things that were inevitable to join. So it's been kinda like a burst of raw sexual energy. A pure beam of light struck me in a low and agonizing area. My sex drive just shot up ~~10~~ 5 on the richter scale. ~~Its been~~ hard and will be even harder to continue to keep in check. I'll manage for the sake of my sanity and health.

Come my brother, and give me
that of you held most dear
Sit down with me my brother, let us
~~search~~ probe that unworking parts of our minds
Relax with me my brother, let us not
perpertrate, time is of the essence.
Love me my brother, ~~[illegible]~~ our
future depends on that alone

November 17, 1993

"The day a man can't face the world is the day he needs to step out of it."
from a western → Jimmy Stewart / Henry Fonda
"Fire Creek"

Father / Mother / God / Creator

Every now and then, I sit here on the corner of my bed and I'm drawn to the mirror @ the opposite side of my room. More often now, than in the past my reflection pleases me. Yet it has a different something there, a lingering of what I can only describe as desire. That desire contains a thirst for knowledge, for truth, and companionship.

November 18, 1993

I've been in bed most of this week, it's safer there, or @ least it seems that way. The truth of the matter is that nothing is accomplished there. Fear, frustration, and strong sexual urges. Things that are counter-productive to what I need to be doing.

Concentration, persistence, perseverance, faith and direction. Prayer the constant that pulls me through.

December 7, 1995

I'm here now, just over the horizon, always within the realm of reality. Without consciously feeling the presence of my God, all would be lost. However, knowing that wherever I am God is; is enough for me.

There is no way around the Master, if we are to live to realize our fullest potential. We must give thanks to whom from all blessing flow. I try so hard to keep the spirit @ bay, and I realize that one day I will be full, and the spirit will overflow. Through me, out of me, over me and surround me. I will have to openly confess ~~a~~ to everyone I see, that Jesus Christ is the way.

As I embark deeper into the development of higher level of consciousness, a more mature spirtual awareness, my soul feeds. It feeds ~~of~~ on Truths in the word.

December 25, 93

It's Christmas!

December 28, 1993 →

December 30, 1993 → The yr is just about to come to and end, finally I am making the time to reflect on the last month as well as some milestones in my life that occured this yr.

The most profound ~~thing~~ ocurrence in my life has been an attitude adjustment and spiritual awareness. The difference in me is quite noticeable, the problem for me seems to be staying on the right path. What I'm tring to say is "it ain't easy". But the road to realization of one's full potential is never easy. Or just living, tring to do what we know is right is a struggle enough.

I'm aware that my relationship with the God in me is vital to my safety, my survival, and happiness. Of course I'm still dealing with some issues surrounding Henry Hammond. Those I feel will be dealt with for a while. However as I work through them and

450.00
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558.00

lie them to rest I will be stronger for having endured.

January 05, 1994

The new yr. has been born and already it's supplying me with a influx of emotions. Some old, some new. I really don't feel up to writing about it, so if this entry is short you'll have the reason.

Sept 17, 1993

I keeps coming back here, there's really no place else to go. When one's in danger, or feels threatened, we usually turn to the one place we feel safe. This is where I feel the safest. Where the comforting is in seeing my inner most thoughts on paper. ~~Here I~~ Can choose selectively who see's or hears what has made me happy or sad. Or effected me in any way.

This is my fortress. The shelves here contain all that I hold dear.

Sept

Thursday mornd
1:00AM
Jesse

Nov 11, 1993

Development of my spirituality has been on my agenda for quite some time now. The fact that I'm working on it with seriousness and concern for my well being @ a time when I need it most, speaks volumes about where I am.

I'm out here in the vastness of what is called life. Tring desperately to live. Live with the knowledge, live thus far acquired, yet still yearning ever for more. Yearning for more always, more knowldge, more understanding, more spirituality, more of me. And in asking for all these things I given I must also expect to assume more responsibility.

8/18/93

I find myself here so often lately. Here in the confines of my consciousness. Analyzing the events that have thus taken place, pondering the past and wondering what the future holds.

It's already been proven that if I am to succede in Life @ anything. I will have to be the catylst for change. No One makes it in this life alone, but we must first depend on ourselves before we depend on others.

8/24/93

Traveling through a vast garden of precious memories. A tunnel of desperate truths. Examining my here and now, the present, that part of me most hardest to face.

October 5, 1991

Here I am, trying desperately to plan whatever might be left of my life. Setting goals and planning ahead. I dont want the rest of my life to be without some type of structure. Im planning to achieve my goals and if possible surpass them. Not only for self but for my family my people, and my God. I want to realize my full potential. If there is indeed in my things or knowledge that will aid the masses then now is where I must dig deeper to cultivate it, nature it and finally bring it forth to light.

There are so many things I'm working towards and as usually there are always road blocks thrown up by unaiding forces. Those that wish me harm. Not all outside - some internal. My need for companionship is getting to be overpowering. When it gets as bad as it is now my imagination tends to run wild. My fantasies during masturbation have been bordering maddness. Very chaotic and in a lot of cases - unsafe. Then I'm thrust back into the arms (figuratively) of the only man I have ever loved - Kenny Hammonds.

The only reason is because I'm desperately lonely. LeRoy and I are only being civil to each other. There is no more sharing and confessions. No discussion, nor deliberation, contemplation - no communication. It's getting to the point that my deepest desire is to be in Love with a determined strong willed struggling Brother who loves me as fiercly as I he. Nothing wrong with that except for the fact that it's consuming me. A lot of the fight has gone out of me. I'm working to stay alive. To keep a roof over my head and food in my body. Just to exist.

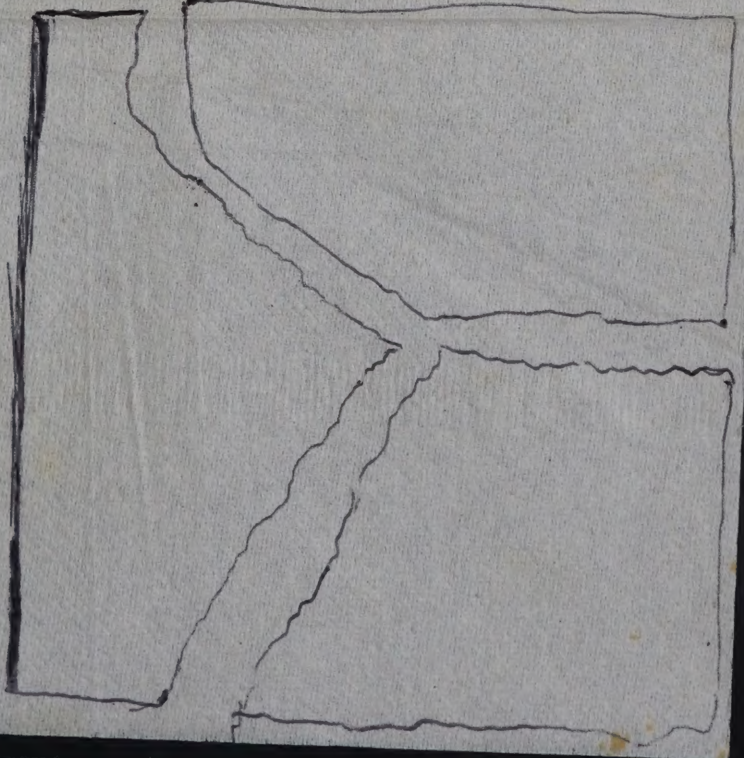
I often wonder about this Catch 22. The need for companionship. The depence on another to build us up, encourage us, Love us and fufill us sexually. People need people. Like we need to believe in a higher being or in some way justify or existence. Something to justify our constantly defing the odds and death time and time again.

July 4, 1994

What is it about me that either scares or runs men away from me. My friends seem to think it has to do with me being dominearing, emasculating, opionated and controlling. While all of these things may indeed be part of my personality, I don't think they're that extreme. ~~[illegible]~~ Not extreme enough that I successfully run away guys on a regular basis. Then of course there are the few that I manage to kick to the pavement ~~[illegible]~~ due to irreconcilable differences. So that leaves me here to examine myself. Second guessing myself, doubting my intuition, and never really looking deep enough.

Where is that Man of Mine
the pursuit of what we are not?
Drugs / Alcoholism / Violence (abuse)

1. The Snow Queen
(undying)
2. The Afrocentric Queen
activist
3. The Nellie Queen in the World
4. The Tchrd Butch Bunny (The Body Builder Supreme)
5. Chicken (as they watch in awe & wonder)



6/21/93

His flesh was sweet, deep brown, supple and soft to the touch. All of these things ~~[illegible]~~ flooded my senses as I tore into him with my teeth. As the blood flowed and ran down my chin I fed my adamantly. So young and so lovely, eyes open in terror, a deep low gurgle in his throat as blood and mucus bubble in and out. There's no mercy for this kill only a passion to consume.

Death agrees with this young man, dying was his greatest fear. So young, too beautiful, to trusting, too naive - a threat.

Well, at this point I have nothing to do but confront the things that are bothering me. They are legion, and more pop up everyday.

Trust

Obessed / Obession with the Love of one man - never in all my blind days have I ever meet a man quite like this, with the exception of maybe 1 other. One who doesn't quite fit the sterotype of a gay man, one who denies you the privelige of hearing so many of those little nothings that keep our ego's fed, but makes your whole body yearn for his. One who denies you no pleasures you desire. One who makes you so jealous you don't like people he's been with in the past. You can't bear the thought of him being in anyone else's arms besides yours.

Mone 6:30 Am
East of McArr St
White Astro van

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